

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

Out through the hills of midnight,
Hurling and thundering on,
The night express from the outer world,
Speeds for the open of dawn.

Out of the past and gloom-wrack
Out of the dim and dreary,
Freighted as with a century
Was never freighted before.

Built when the Sphinx's query
Was new on the lips of peace,
Hurled through the rolling and hollow years
Till time shall have released;

Stealing and as swift as a shadow,
Sinuous as joy and blithe,
Climbing as if on the flight of a bird,
With olive-branches in its hand;

Down to the morning country,
Into the unknown land;
And the driver grips the throttle-bar,
His eyes are in the hand.

The sleeping hills awake;
A tremor, a dread, a roar;
The terror is flying, is come, is past;
The hills can sleep once more.

A moment the silence throbs,
A dead hush, a pause of time;
And then the wonder of time is a
A wrath and a desire.

Demolish, telling, grim,
In the ruddy furnace bars,
While the driver grips the throttle-bar,
Who stands at his elbow there?

Can it be this thing like a shroud
Of the fragments torn away,
Is a boundless train that dank and his crew
Consoled to waylay?

His wretches, grinning and lean
Are lurking at every curve,
But the driver grips the throttle-bar!
He has the iron nerve.

We are traveling safe and warm,
With our little luggage of care,
Why leave the part that yet would come
Unbidden and unware?

The lonely are lovely still;
And the friend has another friend,
Only the heart is lonely,
The distance and the end.

We went up the climbing grade,
And coast on the tangent rail,
While the driver grips the throttle-bar,
And gathers the track in his smile.

The dreamer weaves of dreams,
The lover by love-love-love,
Stretch and whole and the heart and end,
Beauty and wait and priest.

All these adventures forth,
Strangers to the side by side,
With the tramp of time in the roving wheels,
And haste in their shadow stride.

The star that raves the hill,
Shows yet the night is deep;
But the driver grips the throttle-bar,
So, you and I may sleep.

For he of the sleeping hand
Will drive till the night is done,
Will watch till morning springs from the sea,
And the rule goes gold in the sun.

Then he will slow to a stop
The tread of the driving,
When the driver grips the throttle-bar,
For the driver's name is God.

Independent.

DESERTING HIS POST.

"Say, Billy, ain't you going with us?" yelled the boys, standing on tip-toe to peep into the kitchen window.

The Maverick farmhouse was on a lovely plateau of land half-way up a dreary mountain-side. And Billy, who had been in the army, trying very hard to get interested in an old volume of "Capt. Cook's Adventures," which he had read over and over again. He jumped up at the sound of familiar voices.

"Going where?" said he, leaning out of the window.

"Down to Pixley's Woods," said John Jaycox. "We're going to have a corn and apple roast down there. There's lots of folks coming."

"Oh, I do wish I could go," said Billy with a sigh.

up by the fire and put a bolster into it, which he first pressed up in an old coat of his father's and a battered hat. With its back well toward the window, it really did look like an old man warming his hands at the fire.

"There, old stuffy," said Billy, as he gave it a final pat on one side and a shake on the other. "Now mind you take good care of the house."

And scrambling out of the shed window so as not to unfasten any of the bolts and bars, he slid down the roof, dropped into a thicket of black-berry bushes, the end, and only pausing to rub himself a little, started off at a run down the mountain side.

"For," he argued within himself, "all that father and mother wanted me to stay in the house for was to make people suppose that it wasn't left entirely alone—and why can't old stuffy do that just as well as me?"

He made such good speed by swinging himself recklessly across the framework of the broken bridge that he got to Pixley's Woods nearly as soon as the other boys, who went by the regular pathway.

A bright blaze of dry wood and leaves had been kindled under the shelter of a huge rock, the corn, apples and sweet potatoes were put down to roast, and the boys began the time by dancing, break-dancing, singing comic songs and telling tales and riddles.

The first lot of smoking corn had just been lifted out of the ashes when little Larry Pike came plunging down the ravine.

"Hallo, fellows!" said he, breathless with the haste he had made, "have you heard the news?"

"News? What news?" said Herman Smith, while all the boys stopped short in their occupations and stared hard at little Larry.

"The news," said he, panting for breath, "in Maverick's house! And Jenkins has gone for the constables, and Will Maxwell has trotted off on his father's horse to tell Maverick's folks at camp meeting."

"Is anything stolen?" said Billy, thinking of his grandmother's silver teaspoons and the spare money his father always kept in the till of the big red chest up in the garret.

"They don't know," said Larry. "They've got the house surrounded so that no one can get out and now they're waiting for help."

"Thunder! what fools they must be!" said John Jaycox. "Why don't they go in and knock daylight into the scoundrels? I wouldn't wait if I were there."

"But," said Larry, wisely, "how are they to know how many robbers there may be, or how well armed they are?"

"Oh," said John Jaycox, who had not thought of this, and all the boys drew long breaths and looked at each other with the intense interest. "Truly," thought they, "this is almost as good as a 'to-be-continued' story in a weekly paper."

But Billy Maverick broke away from the rest and ran as fast as he could toward the solitary farmhouse on the mountain plateau. Whatever came of this dreadful state of things, he should always feel that it was his fault.

Lyon Jones, a neighbor, was leaning against the farmhouse gate, hidden by a cluster of cedar bushes, as Billy came running up. He caught at the lad's arm to stay his steps.

"Don't go any further, Billy," said he in a whisper. "Don't give the alarm until we're ready to tackle the fellows."

"Where are they?" said Billy, hoarsely. "What have they taken? How many are there?"

"We don't know yet," said Jones. "Pike saw one man through the kitchen window. He was warning himself at the fire, very much at home in your father's old rocking-chair. I suppose the rest are scattered through the house."

"One man?" said Billy, "at the kitchen fire?"

"Yes," said Jones, "with a snuff-colored overcoat on."

Billy stood a minute, staring at Lyon Jones—then he burst out laughing.

"It's old stuffy," said he. And he broke away from Jones and ran up the path as fast as he could go, calling, "Come on! come on! There are no burglars at all!"

The neighbors issuing from their various hiding-places, followed him, and gathered around the door just in time to see Master Billy scramble up the shed-roof, bounce into the little window, and disappear!

And the little incident furnished all the neighborhood with gossip and amusement for at least a week.—New York and Paris Bazaar.

Horse-keepers and Stabling.

Horse-keepers are a subject of great trouble at the present day. It is difficult to find men at reasonable wages who at the same time thoroughly understand four-horse work.

In this respect, old coachmen had a great advantage over those of modern times. The present horse-keepers are, as a rule, difficult to manage, to say nothing of their conceit, incapacity, and love of strong liquor.

It requires a thoroughly competent man to go over the road and keep those persons in order. This head servant does not by any means rest the praise to which he is entitled. He should be provided with a buggy; an extra horse should be kept at every stage, so that he can start any time, day or night, pick up his changes on the road, and see what the horse-keepers are about.

Moreover, he must be thoroughly familiar with the business of managing coach-horses. It is admitted that some of the best stud-grooms, accustomed to hunters and ordinary carriage-horses, have signally failed to accomplish this work.

Not only is the feeding an art in itself, but the stabling is also peculiar. The coach-horse must have more air and less clothing than any other horse that works—and nothing is more pernicious to a highly excited coach-horse than to turn him into a warm stable when he comes off the road.

The hours of feeding have necessarily to differ at each stage, owing to the various times at which the horses commence their work, and great care has to be exercised, especially in warm, wet weather, to preserve their condition and keep them free from sore shoulders and galls.

Each horse should be numbered and be known only by that number; a board being kept at the door of each stable, giving detailed instructions to the horse-keepers. This precaution will save the annoyance of oft-repeated and time-losing mistakes.—Century.

Each Had a Mother.

An old lady in faded black garments walked through a side street, near Broadway, the other evening. She stooped slightly and wore glasses, while her scanty gray hair was brushed straight back over her ears.

Her dress bore evidence of being well made, although patched and darned in spots. As she slowly walked along she looked down at the ground.

Along the sidewalk, some of them lag on adjacent railings, were a number of sporting men. They were chatting of the races and laughing, when suddenly a big, burly fellow who evidently didn't look where he was going, ran plump into the little old lady. The shock threw her to the ground, and when one of the sporting men stepped over to pick her up, the brute had disappeared.

A bag of apples and pears, which the old lady had been carrying, had fallen with her and the contents were scattered over the walk. She was assisted to a neighboring doorstep, where she sat down, seemingly in great pain. A policeman who saw the man standing in a group approached, and on learning that the old lady was suffering from a fall, started to call an ambulance.

The old lady began to cry, when up stepped a great, big, wicked gambler.

"Here, one of you fellows who had a mother, call a cab," he said.

"When that vehicle drew up to the curb a singular scene was enacted. All wanted to pay for the cab, and the policeman insisted as hard as anybody else. The gambler won the fight and some of the other wicked men helped pick up the scattered fruit, while the rest took the old lady's arm and helped her to reach the cab. It was only an incident, and they were all wicked sporting men again five minutes afterward.

How They Write English.

Ell Perkins tells us that the Japanese have a mania for putting up English signs, and they flood your rooms at the hotels with English cards. And such English! The Japanese have no imperative mood, and they generally express an idea negatively that we express positively. One day I said to the waiter: "Kishi, the rolls are cold." "Yes," he said; "a good deal of not cooling the cakes is good."

A conspicuous notice at the Kioto Hotel reads: "On the dining-room nobody shall be enter to the dining-room and drawing-room without the guests allow." One of the articles in the municipal laws of Kioto runs: "Any dealer shall be honestly by his trade. Of course the sold one shall prepare to make up the safe package."

"Our tooth is an important organ for human life and countenance, as you know; therefore when it is attacked by disease or injury artificial tooth is also very useful. I am engaged in the dentistry and I will make for your purpose." The printed label on the bottle of claret at Nikko, reads: "Weak man who is not so hard of his stomach takes notice of his health ever must use this wine usually."

Doctor's Bills.

When a Japanese calls in a physician he does not expect that he will be presented a bill for medical services. In fact, no such things as a doctor's bill is known in Japan although nearly all the other modern practices are in vogue there. The strict honesty of the people does not make this necessary. When he is through with a patient a present is made of what ever sum the patient or his friends may deem to be just compensation. The doctor is supposed to smile, take the fee, bow and thank his patient.

WRECKED BY CYCLONE.

THE TOWN OF RED BUD, ILL., LAID IN RUINS.

Two Persons Are Killed, Twelve Seriously Injured, and Others Injured—Eighty Buildings Destroyed—Scenes of Death and Devastation.

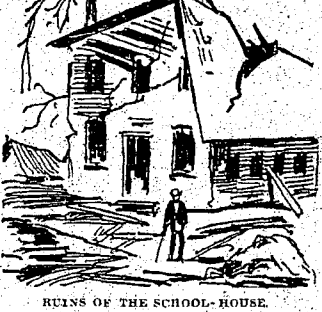
Wiped Out by Wind.

The city of Red Bud, Ill., situated thirty miles southeast of St. Louis on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, was visited by a cyclone of wonderful intensity. The day preceding was a delightful autumn day, mild and bright. Toward night, however, the clouds began to gather and the weather indications rather favored rain. Shortly after midnight a terrific rainfall, accompanied by violent thunder and lightning, aroused the citizens, and at 3:30 in the morning a cyclone was raging.

Eighty-four buildings were demolished, two persons killed, twelve seriously hurt, and many more injured. It is estimated that \$100,000 worth of property was destroyed. The dead: Koppe, Willis; Koppe, Mrs. Nob. The injured: Bayo, Mrs. Louis; Crow, Emma; Dose, Peter; Havemann, Margaret; Helmer, Mr. Karl; Mrs. Peter; Manderfeld, Mrs. John; Starr, Alden; Starr, Mrs. Alden; Starr, Charles; Sperr, S. A.; Sperr, Mrs. S. A.

Work of the Wind.

Among the buildings blown down were the Catholic Church, and parochial school, the German Lutheran Church, the City Hall and prison, the city fire engine house, the German Lutheran school, the high school building, the Continental Hotel, and the residences of the following named: W. Perkins, H. D. Redge, P. R. Droge, John Lang.



REINS OF THE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

John Randall, John Haba, Peter Kar-dell, A. D. Perry, L. Koffenberg, Ernst Buddi, Chas. Jaeger, Mrs. Hauerman, C. Grelow, P. Janneman, Mrs. Jacob Robe, John Kueker, Henry Wahlman, William Buetner, Henry Beeson, Dr. Albert John Harner, Dr. J. H. Harner, W. Schmidt, William Yeges, John Mauderfeld, William Michaels, B. Miller, Charles Gubert, P. Enzenauer, William Schide, J. J. Just, Jacob Miller, William Williams, Frank Lang, George Hies, Alden Starr, Ralph Babber, Henry Rathbert, D. Rathbert, John Vetzal, William Kollerholz, Frank Lish, F. D. Guken, and Mrs. Dora Kaufman.

Besides the above there were many barns, warehouses, and outbuildings demolished.

The storm came up without the slightest warning and the first intimation the inhabitants of the ill-fated city had of it was when they were awakened from their slumber by the crash of their homes about their ears.

The horrors of an lucky darkness lighted up momentarily by flashes of lightning added to the fear and madness which oppressed all minds during the terrible visitation. Daylight only made more terrible that which night had begun. The scene cannot be described.

The streets, when lit up by the first streaks of dawn, presented a pitiable scene of ruin and utter desolation. On every hand rose the moans of the injured and the grief of the friends and relatives. The streets were blocked with the debris of the storm's wreck, and for some time it was impossible to get an accurate list of the sufferers of the terrible visitation.

The given above is believed to cover all the casualties, and the number of houses wrecked by the storm is fairly complete.

As soon as the more fortunate people of the city recovered from the first shock of calamity, efforts were at once directed to caring for the injured. They were taken to the homes of those who had escaped the storm's wrath and cared for by willing hands, and the doctors of the village dressed their wounds.

Track of the Storm.

The storm was destructive and far reaching. Taking a southeasterly course one part of the storm passed on rapidly through Western Kentucky and Tennessee, leveling everything in its path at Red Bud, and only when North Alabama was reached had it lessened its force.

The storm moved a second storm center passing through Central Missouri, thence across Northern Kansas, finally being lost in the mountains of Wyoming, but the curious feature of this remarkable atmospheric disturbance lay in the direction taken by the third arm, a northerly course, through Iowa, veering to the west into Nebraska leaving a hopeless tangle of wires in its wake, until it became next to an impossibility to reach any of the great cities west of St. Louis except by circuitous routes. Not a wire remained from Milwaukee to St. Paul and Minneapolis and the Northwest, these points being served with European and Eastern domestic news over the Southern Pacific route to Denver, thence to Ogden, Utah, Helena, Mont., and via the Northern Pacific to Minneapolis and St. Paul.

The News Aftermath.

It is now reported that Senator John G. Carlisle is likely to be made Secretary of State.

Col. Jack Chinn, shot on the East St. Louis race track by Capt. Anthony, will recover.

The output of the cigar factories at Reading, Pa., so far this year, has been over 100,000,000.

Gov. Fleming, of West Virginia, has refused to commute the sentence of Allen Harrison, under sentence to be hanged for the murder of his sweetheart, Bettie Adams.

PRESIDENTIAL LANDSLIDES.

Electoral and Popular Vote from Jackson to Cleveland, Inclusive.

The following table exhibits the names, parties, electoral votes and popular votes of Presidential candidates from 1828 to 1892.

While it will be seen that political land-slides are not infrequent occurrences in this country, the landslide of 1892 takes in the undisputed vote of the entire country, and is the greatest political surprise since the Scott and Pierce campaign of 1852.

1828—Harrison, Whig	224	1,824
1832—Birney, Liberty	10	1,879
1836—Holt, Dem.	170	1,929
1840—Clay, Whig	105	1,921
1844—Polk, Dem.	170	1,921
1848—Taylor, Whig	163	1,921
1852—Cass, Dem.	107	1,921
1856—Pierce, F. S.	107	1,921
1860—Pierce, Dem.	254	1,921
1862—Scott, Whig	42	1,983
1864—Holt, Dem.	42	1,983
1868—Buchanan, Dem.	174	1,834
1872—Fremont, Rep.	114	1,834
1876—McClellan, Dem.	24	1,834
1880—Douglas, Dem.	22	1,834
1884—McClellan, Dem.	24	1,834
1888—Lincoln, Rep.	180	1,868
1892—Bell, Union	39	1,868
1896—Cleveland, Dem.	219	1,868
1900—Lincoln, Rep.	210	2,128
1904—Seymour, Dem.	40	2,128
1908—Cleveland, Dem.	214	2,128
1912—Grover, Dem.	66	2,128
1916—O'Connor, Ind. Dem.	272	3,891
1920—Cox, Rep.	272	3,891
1924—Bisbee, Temp.	184	4,584
1928—Cox, Rep.	184	4,584
1932—Hayes, Rep.	163	4,093
1936—Cooper, G. K.
1940—Smith, Rep.
1944—Hancock, Dem.	185	4,442
1948—Garfield, Rep.	214	4,442
1952—Hancock, Dem.	214	4,442
1956—Dow, Rep.
1960—Cleveland, Dem.	219	4,476
1964—Hancock, Dem.	185	4,476
1968—Butler, G. K.
1972—Holt, Dem.	170	1,178
1976—Cleveland, Dem.	170	1,178
1980—Cleveland, Dem.	168	5,548
1984—Harrison, Rep.	233	5,548
1988—Harrison, Rep.	233	5,548
1992—Harrison, Rep.	233	5,548
1996—Flak, Pro.	...	240
1998—Cleveland, Dem.	170	...
2000—Harrison, Rep.	233	...
2002—Weaver, G. K.	+ 23	...
2004—Midwell, Pro.

"Mr. Greeley having died before the electoral college voted, 42 of his votes were cast for Thomas A. Hendricks, 15 for B. Gratz Brown, 3 for Greer, 2 for Charles J. Jenkins, and 1 for David Davis."

Estimated for 1892.

HELD FOR A BRUTAL MURDER.

Farmer Swarthout's Sons Arrested on Suspicion of Killing Their Father.

According to a dispatch John Henry Swarthout and Ernest Albert Swarthout are locked up in the county jail at Morrison, Ill., charged with the murder of their father, Albert Marion Swarthout, a prosperous farmer living near Morrison.

Albert Swarthout was shot while in his barn, not fifty yards from the house; his body was then thrown into a cart, hauled within a stone's throw of the side windows of the farm-house, and dumped into a strawstack, which was set on fire. All of this was done with easy reach of the house, in and around which, according to the statements of the family, there were at the time the two sons, the daughter and her husband, and the wife of the younger son. The boys were arrested on an affidavit sworn by five of the best-known citizens of the county charging them with guilty knowledge of the crime. It is claimed that the boys were opposed to their father's approaching marriage with a young school-teacher in a neighboring town, by which they thought the estate of \$25,000 would be lost to them. To a theory of robbery is also advanced, as a gold watch and \$100 known to have been in the possession of the murdered man have not been found. The entire evidence, however, is purely circumstantial.

The two sons are good-looking young fellows. John, the oldest, is 25 years of age, and a graduate of this year's class at Bennett Medical College, Chicago. Ernest is 24 years old. He has always lived on the farm with his father, and was married two months ago. Both the young men are willing to talk of their father's death, and deny most emphatically any knowledge of the crime.

VICTIMS FOR THE HEADSMAN.

Clerkships and Similar Positions Which Will Be Spoils for the Victors.

A scrutiny of the official blue book in regard to the appointments in the executive departments at Washington discloses a little over 9,500 clerkships and similar positions, ranging in salaries from \$1,000 to \$1,800, included in the classified lists of the civil-service law, the occupants of which can only be removed for cause, and over 1,500 positions of the higher grades, the occupants of which are subject to change at the will of the heads of the departments. The salaries of these positions range from \$3,000 down.

Echoes of the Election.

ARKANSAS gives Cleveland 2,000 majority.

CONGRESSMAN WINE is re-elected in Virginia.

REPUBLICANS made a clean sweep in Montana.

WEAVER electors carried Nevada by 1,500 majority.

HARRISON's plurality in Oregon is estimated at 6,600.

 CLEVELAND will have 40,000 majority in South Carolina. |

GOVERNOR RUSSELL's plurality in Massachusetts is 1,937.

GOVERNOR FLOWER is talked of to succeed Senator Hiseock.

NEW MEXICO has elected a Democratic delegate to Congress.

FLYNN, Republican delegate to Congress, is elected in Oklahoma.

EX-SENATOR BLAIN has been defeated for Congress in New Hampshire.

CLEVELAND's official plurality in Delaware is 594 in a total vote of 37,224.

SOUTH CAROLINA elected four Alliance and three Democratic Congressmen.

Mrs. ANN SEARLY has been elected justice of the peace in Johnson County, Wyoming.

WORMING (Dem.), for Governor of Connecticut, has a majority of 107 in a total vote of 164,662.

Mrs. ELZA KNOWLES, Populist candidate for Attorney General, leads by 360 votes in Montana.

THE Republican plurality in Iowa is figured at 22,000. Republican Congressmen are elected in all but the Second District.

1880.

TWELVE YEARS' TRADE

Has given us the knowledge of the requirements of the people of this section of the State, and we are prepared as never before to show you the most complete stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever exhibited in Northern Michigan, at prices which we know will be satisfactory.

Our Spring and Summer Styles

OF

DRY GOODS

Will be on hand in advance of the season, giving ample opportunity for careful selection.

Our Grocery Department,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing,

Shelf and Heavy Hardware,

Stoves and Ranges,

Crockery and Glassware,

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c.,

Will be filled with Purest and Best Goods.

HAY, OATS AND FEED, WOOD, COAL AND LUMBER,

EVERYTHING IN LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES,

AT THE

PIONEER STORE

OF

SALLING, HANSON & CO.,

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.

M. E. CHURCH—Rev. R. G. Taylor, Pastor. Services at 10:30 o'clock a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. N. J. Geyer, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour. Sunday school following morning service. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

GRAYLING LODGE, No. 358, F. & A. M. Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening on or before the full of the moon. E. T. THATCHER, W. M.

W. F. BENKELMAN, Secretary.

MARVIN POST, No. 340, G. A. R., meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. WM. A. CHALKER, Post Com.

J. C. HANSON, Adjutant.

WOMEN'S RELIEF CORPS, No. 162, meets on the 2d and 4th Saturdays at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. ISABEL JONES, President.

REBECCA WIGGOT, Sec.

GRAYLING CHAPTER, R. O. M. M., No. 124. Meets every third Tuesday in each month. WILLIAM FRINDEL, H. P.

ARTHUR CADD, Sec.

GRAYLING LODGE, I. O. O. F., No. 137. Meets every Tuesday evening.

WILLIAM GIDDINGS, Sec.

GRAYLING ENCAMPMENT

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

MEN get out of scrapes, but some of them very often do it by a close shave.

COLUMBIA cannot wed the great discoverer, but she can promise to always be a sister to him.

How much diplomacy, finesse, and cunning is sometimes necessary to find the means of doing what we ought to have an unquestioned right of doing!

Mrs. PRUE is the first woman compositor who has been admitted into the London Typesetters' Union, and will receive the same rate per thousand as is paid to the men.

ACTRESS should belong to society. There only will they learn the elegance of manners needed to portray good society. No conservatory of dramatic art can teach manners.

"WHERE IS MY DOG?" is the title of a book in which the Rev. Charles Adams discusses the future life of animals. Have you tried the pound, Mr. Adams?

JUDGE TOURGEE claims that Columbus was an ardent prevaricator; that he was selfish and egotistical, and that generally he was a very disreputable person. And Christopher cannot kick back.

No peace was over won from fate by subterfuge or argument; no peace is ever in store for any of us but that which we shall win by victory over sin or shame—victory over the sin which oppresses as well as that which corrupts.

The frequency with which prize-fighters are being killed in the ring lately seems likely to create use for a new phrase. The ruffian who "dies with his boots on" is being hard pressed, numerically, by the ruffian who "dies with his gloves on."

The head-dresses of 1770 were so large that ladies going to balls were forced to save their headgear, to kneel on the floors of their carriages. By a simple change of location, as far as kneeling goes, the ladies of 1892 might practice a little in the theaters.

It seems ungracious at this time for writers to be discussing the claims of any other voyager than Columbus to the first discovery of America. It is to his memory that the world pays homage; and no speculative writer can change the programme. Hurrah for Columbus!

It's said the weeping willows of America are springing from a slip sent over by Alexander Pope from England. The statement has the same proof as the claim that imitation cherry wood is invariably produced by grafts from the original Washington cherry tree.

The news is made public that trouble is threatened in Haiti. This news has no right to be parading as a sensation. When the happy moment in which trouble shall not be threatened in Haiti arrives the break in the money will be really startling enough to be bruited abroad.

The effort to obtain permission to remove the Barney stone from Cork to the Chicago Exposition has failed, the owner declining every offer of arrangement. He probably thought that there are already as many "Barney stones" in the Exposition management as could be handled.

WHILE we are according all honor to Columbus for discovering America, it is well enough to remember that he did not plant the seeds of civil or religious liberty here, and that it was considerably more than a hundred years after his discovery that light began to break in that direction.

At last old Sol has a rival. Chicago is to have an electric light so powerful that it will chase frightened night across Lake Michigan. It will also flood the elusive keyhole of the suburban residence with radiance, adding much to the comfort of the man who has lingered at the club.

W. H. CONWAY, a daring English mountaineer, has succeeded in climbing to the top of one of the peaks of the Hindu Kush range, on the borders of Kashmir, to the height of 23,000 feet. This eclipses the best previous record of Albert Smith, of Wymper, of Schlegelwelt and other heroic mountaineers.

NINETY-FIVE miles an hour is pretty fast traveling even for a railroad train, and no one can tell where record-breaking with safety will stop. Certain it is that the great fires have comparatively few accidents charged against them. Apparently, the limit to precautionary measures has yet to be reached as well.

In all philosophy you will find that man is expected of men than they can accomplish. The advice of every philosopher has been better than his conduct. No one has taught morals more beautifully than Seneca, but his private life was infamous. In spite of his own weakness, he expected heroic endurance of the people.

You may tame the wild beast; the confagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and dry

underwood is consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered so carelessly yesterday or this morning; that will go on staying, poisoning, burning beyond your own control, now and forever.

If gratitude, when extended toward another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture when it is employed on this great object of gratitude to the beneficent Being who has given us everything we already possess, and from whom we expect everything we yet hope for.

Since the Government of Mysore is about to prohibit the marriage of girls under 10, it is evident that the deplorable condition of child widows in India will be materially improved—an improvement the more to be hailed as the dawn of a better day for the whole country, as it comes from within, and presumably from a conviction of the evils it will prevent.

A GRAND JURY in Connecticut has indicted a night telegraph operator for criminal carelessness in having caused a wreck. His case is deemed particularly worthy of rebuke for that he was on duty only eleven hours, seven days each week, and was paid \$1.50 per diem by a railroad company that chose to be reckless in liberality rather than in the declaring of dividends.

An editor and a druggist of Juneau, Alaska, dragged the fair fame of the watermelon in the dust by injecting into its pink and luscious core a dose of poison, and then with smile so bland presenting the combination to a neighbor whom they desired to reprove. Unluckily the scribe and pillar have up to date escaped hanging, but they illume with the brilliancy of their ideas the interior of an otherwise rather gloomy jail.

When a man commits suicide with untoward haste and in a manner crude and thoughtless the Coroner's jury calls him insane. When he prepares for the deed with a nicety of deliberation that omits no detail, and finishes himself neatly, showing a fine sense of the properties, and mental machinery working without a jar, the jury still insists that he was insane. The peculiar genius who can kill himself and not be reckoned a lunatic has yet to appear on the scene.

THERE are comparatively few round-top trunks made now. The idea was that greater resisting power could be obtained with least weight by imitating to some extent the shape of an egg, which, as we know, will bear an absurdly great weight, but, unfortunately, there was no guarantee that the baggage-smasher would always stand the trunk the right way up. His failure to do this gave numberless reminders of the fact that no box is stronger than at its weakest point, and the damaged sides became very common. Now most trunks are made with flat tops, and are so strong all over that it is very difficult, even for an expert trunk-smasher, to break one.

A KENTUCKY patriot excises the family feuds of the dark and bloody ground on the plea that guerrilla warfare seems to be a natural effect of highland climates. He quotes the vendettas of the Corsican mountaineers, and the brigandage of the Apennines and Afghan uplands, but seems to forget that in vast areas of the Tennessee, Virginia, New Hampshire, Vermont, Georgia, and North Carolina mountains deeds of violence are almost unknown, or limited to the occasional removal of a revenue raider. In Switzerland, too, family feuds are known only from the traditions of the past, and the Tyrolean highlanders are about the most law-abiding bipeds of our latter-day world.

The English admiralty recently disposed of what was left of the hull of the glorious old Foudroyant, the vessel so closely associated in the public mind with the triumphs of Lord Nelson at Trafalgar. A thrifty German was the purchaser, and with an eye to business he intended to have it cut up into thousands of pieces to be sold as historic curiosities. A number of Englishmen were so shocked at the idea of this silent witness of British valor being sold, chopped to pieces, and hawked about the world, that they proposed to raise a purse with which to buy it back. The German fixed the price at £20,000. At last accounts only £200 had been subscribed and the Teuton will carry out his original intention.

A MONASTIC TITHING. The last in England of the monastic tithing-barns, the edifices in which the medieval abbots were accustomed to gather the tribute of those who owed them rent and service, is in process of demolition. It is the survivor of the two that were built at Peterborough, and dates back to 1307. It is a long and narrow structure with low walls and a massive oak frame supporting a singularly beautiful roof of gray stone slates. There is not a nail in the building, stout wooden pegs being used throughout. The historic edifice was bought by a builder for \$5,500, and a vain endeavor was made by local antiquarians to have it preserved. But as Peterborough Cathedral had just expended \$45,000 for a new and very modern marble floor, there was no money left for sentiment of that sort, and commerce claims one more conquest of antiquity.

The Smith College girls have taken to base-ball, and, judging from what the critics say of their game, it might not be a bad idea to send the Chicago nine there to learn a few lessons.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

What Children Have Done, What They Are Doing, and What They Should Do to Pass Their Childhood Days.

A Frog He Would A-wool Go. Sir Frog looked out one summer day. Found the world so bright and himself so gay. He said, "A-wool I will go. As my grandpa did, long long ago." It took him a day to change his coat; And the flies he ate to clear his throat! Then away, till Miss Mouse's house he sees. And pretty Miss Mouse a-tasting cheese.



The he sang, "Herchuz, kerchuz, kerchuz." Which means, pretty Mouse, I love you. But Sir Frog put up his eyes. And tripped away on his dainty toes. Then saw Sir Frog in his house. "Kerchuz," things have changed since grandpa's time. —New York World.

Ambitious to Rise. Mrs. Molyneux—Why are you always so naughty? Courtney—Because papa says that little boys who are so very, very good never amount to anything. And I'm going to amount to something. I have to be naughty all the time. Harper's Young People.

A Good Day. Rev. Dr. Primrose—How is it your father always comes home from fishing on a Friday? Little Johnny—Cause he's then sure to find a good assortment of fish in the market. —New York Evening Sun.

A Half and a Half. A small pupil in one of our schools stood before her teacher at recess with the half of an apple in each hand.

"Which half is the biggest, Miss H—?"

Her teacher was in a mood to be critical, and answered:

"A half is a half, whether it's half of an apple or half of the world. So, since, if you apple is cut exactly in halves, one half must be just the size of the other half."

The eyes of the little pupil filled with tears as she heard this scholarly discussion. But she still held out the two "halves" of her apple, although her little hands trembled.

"I didn't mean it that way, teacher," she said, sweetly. "I want you to have the biggest half."

"Thank you, my dear," said the teacher, who suddenly discovered that it took very little learning to be generous and thoughtful.

A Thief in Feathers. Most boys who live in the country have had a tame crow at some stage of their career, and the verdict seems to be that a tame crow is more tame than any other living thing.

Several years ago, this gentleman said, he was keeping a dry-goods store in Nashville, and owned a pet crow. Little articles were often missed, but the shoplifter could not be detected. "One day," he continued, "a one-hundred-dollar bill disappeared from the cash desk, and I then hired a detective to watch the store. He was not long in spotting the thief. Mr. Crow flew away with a skein of silk thread, and he was followed. He deposited it in the hollow of an oak tree in the rear of the building, and came back for another haul. We cut the tree down, and found it to contain more than a bushel basketful of notions of all kinds, pilched from the counters, and in the lot was my one-hundred-dollar bill. He was the most successful shoplifter I ever knew. We impaled a mock crow, tried the offender, and passed sentence of death upon him. But it was never executed. Whether he understood the sentence, or simply realized that his occupation was gone, I do not know, but with a loud croak he flew away and we never saw him again." —Harper's Young People.

A Child's Flee. Like every other decent man, I am fond of children. Their bright, fresh faces, their clear, ringing voices, their thoughtless sayings—all have a charm for me. Were I to live my life over again I would not be the old bachelor I am to-day. Instead of spending so large a part of my years in roaming in foreign lands, I would devote it to making some sweet woman happy. The children I should most admire to lift upon my knee would be my own children. But alas! as the poet says, "who can live youth over?" As we sow, so must we reap. And this reminds me, by a curious sort of mental association, to tell a story about one of the prettiest little Portland girls I know. I will call her Rosie, because that, I think, is a charming name for any little girl.

Last summer Rosie's mother had just put her to bed in her little room, and she had heard her repeat wooden pegs being used throughout. The historic edifice was bought by a builder for \$5,500, and a vain endeavor was made by local antiquarians to have it preserved. But as Peterborough Cathedral had just expended \$45,000 for a new and very modern marble floor, there was no money left for sentiment of that sort, and commerce claims one more conquest of antiquity.

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BELLES OF THE BALL.

WHAT THEY WEAR IN THE METROPOLIS.

Some of the Revels in Minor Fashion for Ball-Room Toilette, and to Which Stylish Women Will Take Kindly—Powder Balls.

New York Fashion.

SOIETY in the metropolis is getting its clothes ready for the dancing season, and all women will like to know something about the fashions that will prevail. The very modish balls, so when you look at the initial sketch, imagine that the pretty gown has a corsege and sleeves in very pale Nile green pongee silk, trimmed with satin of the same shade, and a black velvet train, green mervellous, arranged with black velvet trellis-work to correspond. Furthermore, when your eyes rest on the second picture, try to realize that the woman is in an ante-room at a ball, and has not yet removed her rich wrap. That showiest of outer garments is, in this case, made of beige-colored cloth, trimmed with lace, lined with white-fox fur, and embroidered with a large bow, holding a multi-colored bouquet of the roomy style. Broad ecru guipure lace forms the sleeves, and is pleated under the triple Watteau bow.

A revival in minor fashions for ball toilets is that of the ancient "girdle mirror." It has been added to the things a woman may hang at her side. It is a more sensible thing, I am sure, than a pair of sheets or a bootjack, and we seemed on the road to those. Why should the modern woman be so shy about using her mirror in public? Everyone's eyes must have recourse to one sometime. It argues small interest in her escort if she ceases to be concerned about her appearance just because she is out of reach of her home mirror.

Long Hair and Genus. Long hair is in vogue among musicians and artists long after it ceased to be worn by the rest of mankind. The long-haired artist with his velvet coat, his sombrero, and his mysterious cloak, has altogether disappeared, and lengthy locks only linger now-days with a few exceptions, on the head of the musician.

Indeed, this luxuriant tangle would appear to exercise a potent influence on audiences, for it is said that, in the agreement of a notable artist about to go on a foreign tour, there was a special clause that he shall not have his hair cut. This possibly is an invention, but it is an extraordinary thing that musicians are well-nigh the only people left who give but limited employment to the shears of the barber.

It is also a fact that their hair flourishes better than most people's. I have recently heard a theory that the great prevalence of baldness in the present day is entirely due to the constant close cropping which has existed for the last five and twenty years. If you look at the portraits of celebrities of thirty or forty years ago, you will be perfectly astonished at the carefully arranged coiffure which meandered over their coat-collars, and you feel inclined to begin singing "Get yer hair cut!" without further delay.

You will also be amazed to learn that most of them retained this extraordinary growth to the end of their days. It is sincerely to be hoped that the theory which has recently been started will not be the means of the introduction of a race of long-haired men. —London Graphic.

A Triumph of Civilization. There is a large farmer near me, a clever and successful man in his way, who married (as men sometimes do) a foolish wife. His daughters are pious, and an expected inheritance from their mother from all acquaintances, not only with farmwork and housework, but with such elementary feminine knowledge as the simplest servant maid can enjoy. They may not make or mend their own clothes; they may not use the needle. "I am happy to say," their proud mother said lately to a lady, "my daughters cannot even sew." But they can play the piano—after a fashion; they have a smattering of French; they could and would (if they were asked) go to garden parties in evening dress. So greatly has civilization triumphed in their case. —Notes and Queries.

All Happens in a Second. A second is the smallest division of time in general use, and when we consider that in one year there are about 31,558,000 of these periods it would certainly seem as if it was small enough for all practical purposes. But after all a good deal can happen even in a fraction of a second.

A light wave, for instance, passes through a distance of about 185,000 miles in this length of time. A current of electricity has probably an even greater speed. The earth itself is in orbit at a rate of about twenty miles a second, thus far exceeding the fastest railroad trains on its surface.

A tuning fork of the French standard vibrates 800 times per second to produce the note A on the treble staff. —Popular Science News.

Echo Characts. In an operative performance in Paris the cornets are fitted with a new cornet, which differs from those hitherto devised in not altering the natural tone of the instrument. It is simply a small chamber of silvered copper so constructed as to produce the echo when adjusted to the mouth of the trumpet.

Valuable Postage Stamp. A postage stamp worth \$5,000 has been discovered in New York.



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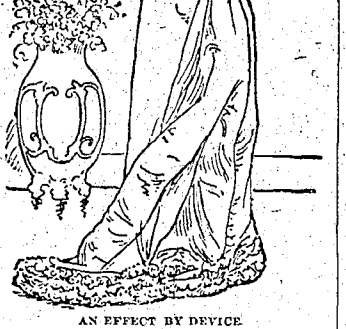
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soft belt-like arrangement, but it must in no way change the natural figure. It must only support it and give it stability. The average corset pushes the figure up to emphasize its lines and to get all breadth possible away from the waist. The real Josephine gown wants quite a different disposition of figure. Go look at the Venuses—the old-time ones. See that fullness about the body just above where we put the waist line. Well, that is what you have not got, and what the other women haven't got, and it is what the one woman in the dozen has got. That is what makes the difference between looking as she will in a Josephine and looking badly. The ball gown here depicted is a happy escape from all those difficulties.

The required taffeta petticoat is a serious addition to the expense of one's get up, and we can not all afford it. Home-making does not reduce the expense since equally if we want to have a lot of dainty things. Here is a way out of the trouble. Look over your old party and summer dresses. Many of them are silk. Those that are

MICHIGAN STATE NEWS

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

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BAY CITY spent \$124 on her poor during October.

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ALPENA COUNTY's new poorhouse has been formally accepted.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD SON S. Manor, of Newport, sustained fatal injuries, being killed by a horse.

A MR. BEAR, of Brighton, was completely covered with earth by a cave-in in a well. He was extricated in time to save his life.

Mrs. JOHN ANDRIK, of Hope, by mistake put arsenic in some pie. The whole family was taken sick, but all pulled through.

TROUBLES never come singly. Harry Carmer, of Tyron, broke an arm some time ago. The other day it was pronounced healed. Harry, however, was outside, fell and broke the other arm.

An attempt was made to burn the Hotel Columbia at Norway the other night by saturating the basement with kerosene, but the fire was extinguished after several guests were almost suffocated with smoke.

FRANK S. MITCHELL, the Saginaw forger, has confessed. He is the black sheep of a prominent family, though not a member of it. He got three months at the Detroit house of correction for stealing a gold watch.

While trying to get the steamer Otego into shelter at Grand Island, Capt. Fred Woodruff, of the schooner Monticello, fell overboard and was drowned. He was 29 years of age, his home being in Lorain, Ohio.

FIVE years ago, Andrew Duby, of East Tawas, was seriously injured, subsequently becoming a cripple. Several months ago three inches of his spine was removed. Now he has had both legs amputated near the hip.

JOHN BENEFIT and Jacob Soderstrom, two fishermen, left in a small boat to lift their nets north of Grand Marais, in Lake Superior. A storm arose in the afternoon, and late at night, fish boxes and a cap were found reported beach in the harbor. Later the boat, which was badly wrecked, was found on the sandbar between the harbor and lake. Nothing has been seen of the men. Undoubtedly they are drowned.

The low price of wheat which has prevailed this year has had the effect of materially decreasing the area seeded to that cereal in this State. According to the Michigan crop report the decrease in the acreage seeded this fall amounts to 5 per cent. in the entire State. With an average crop this decrease will amount to nearly a million and a half bushels in next year's crop. The condition of growing wheat averages 87 per cent. compared with the vitality and growth of average years. Nearly 60 per cent. of the crop corresponds in the southern counties of the State report injury to wheat by insects. The total number of bushels of wheat reported marketed by farmers in October is 2,669,965. At thirteen elevators and mills no wheat was marketed during the month. During August, September, and October, 5,443,443 bushels were marketed, which is 69,150 bushels more than was marketed in the same months last year. The corn crop is considerably below the average, the estimate being forty-nine bushels an acre for the State. The average yield of wheat an acre was 49.19 bushels. The potato crop is estimated at 59 per cent. of an average crop.

A DIPHTHERIA epidemic threatens Plymouth.

A LACK of cars is causing great inconvenience to Saginaw Valley shippers.

MEMORINE German Catholics dedicated their large new house of worship.

By falling off a scaffold, Joseph Callahan, of Bay City, broke his collar bone.

FRANK MITCHELL was arrested at Saginaw, charged with larceny at Bay City.

The loss of Michigan's salt traffic is said to have greatly reduced the income of the F. & P. M.

WEST BAY CITY French Catholics laid the corner-stone for a large, new house of worship.

M. GARDNER, of Grand Marais, was dangerously injured about the head and legs by a falling tree.

THOUGH rumors report shooting a lot of deer, venison is said to be very scarce in Northern markets.

SAGINAW lumbering men will cut about 250,000,000 feet of lumber in Canadian forests this winter.

S. W. SIMONS, of Saginaw, was elected President of the newly organized State Grocers' Association.

OSCAR BERGMAN, aged 48, an Escanaba laboring man, got drunk and then had both legs cut off by a locomotive.

STEPHEN MALONE, of West Bay City, in middle-aged man, was committed to jail by the laudanum route. No cause is known.

At Blanchard a woman used hearse instead of ginger in a p.e.d. The whole family was taken sick, one member coming near dying.

THOUGH the number of cases are increasing, local physicians believe there is no danger of a diphtheria epidemic at Bay City.

BROWN CITY elected the present officials on the strength of the statements that they were all anti-saloon men. Now the good people want some reason for the alarming increase of drunkenness in that town.

EDDIE NEADUE is an Alpena incorrigible who has given his family and the police lot of trouble. He is locked up regularly about once in so often. The other day, when returning from serving his second term in the house of correction, he was drunk—y-e-a, as dead drunk as the man who is trying to drown his sorrow over the late election in wine. Eddie was promptly jailed again.

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The Avalanche.

PALMER, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.
THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1892.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

POLITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The plurality of J. T. Rich over Morse, is about 16,000. The veterans did Morse up in good style.

J. M. Finn run behind his ticket in every county in his district. In Mackinac county where he was well known he fell short 162 votes.

The outcome of the Presidential election has demoralized the iron trade. Orders for steel for use in the tin plate factories are countermanded.

Finn, J. M. is in favor of free trade, and free raw material. Wonder under which of these heads he imported the Northern Democrat!

The Republican party will lay down the burden of national responsibility on March 4th next, then calmly sit down and watch the blundering of the Democracy.

Charles Frost Gibson, the republican candidate for Congress, for this District, eight years ago, was elected to the State Senate, from the Fourth Senatorial district.

Now let us have a dose of square free trade. The people have demanded it, and they ought to have it. Nothing will so speedily convince them that they are fools.

It is considered remarkable that the building blown up at a Democratic jollification meeting in Arkansas last week was a school house, and not a saloon.

All things come right in time. Senator Ben. C. Morse has been vindicated and the seal of the Senate has been condemned by the people of Michigan.

A wildcat chased two Democrats going home from election in West Virginia, Tuesday evening. He knew that Cleveland was elected, without waiting for the news.—Ex.

The first result of the election is being felt at Youngstown, Ohio. Work on an immense tin plate factory at that place has been suspended until it is known what the Democratic policy will be.

Perry Richardson, of Adrian, is expected to die from a kick by a donkey, last Wednesday evening, during the Democratic blowout. What they were kicking each other about has not been learned.

The Detroit News says: Every other Democrat in Tecumseh has an eye on the postmastership. How about those that never had their eyes opened, of whom there are many?

Gov. Winans' proclamation designating Thursday, November 24th as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, was received last Tuesday. Rather late in the day, but better late than never.

The republicans made a clean sweep in Alcona county. Every candidate on the republican county ticket was elected, the majorities ranging from 14 to 270.

"We can meet the men who have been our political opponents and take them by the hand,"—Democrat. "So far we have heard of no accidents to republicans by falling over one another in their scramble to shake hands over the bloody chasm."

We wish to put on record the prediction that Democrats have not the courage necessary for the repeal of the McKinley bill, and that this famous law (somewhat amended, perhaps) will remain on the statute books when the Cleveland administration goes out of power.—Alpena Pioneer.

We complete the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors, this week, with the exception of the Treasurer's report. That will be given in January. Our readers can draw their own conclusions as to the reason. A committee is trying to untangle it.

The New York Herald is widely appealing to Mr. Cleveland not to call an extra session of Congress, which it is certain would imperil the business interests of the country. Cheerful confession this, by a paper which struggled so hard to elect Mr. Cleveland and a majority of the next Congress.

The election board of the township of Center Plains, Crawford county, were invited to attend a meeting of the United States District Court at Detroit this week, to explain some little crooked democratic transactions which occurred in that township on election day.—Res. News.

Stanley W. Turner, auditor-general-elect, will appoint his son, Harry O. Turner, as his private secretary.

Mrs. Lease is a candidate for United States senator from Kansas, and there is some probability of her election. Although there is a popular notion to the contrary there does not appear to be anything in the laws or the constitution that can prevent her taking the seat if she is fairly and squarely elected to it.—Det. Journal.

The State Board of Agriculture have decided to hold one of the series of Farmers' Institutes at this place, beginning January 12th. Let every man and woman, interested in the agricultural developments of this county, arrange their business so as to be present during the entire session. A full programme will be published as soon as arrangements are completed.

Appearance indicate that the election is not entirely over in this county, as proof of illegal votes having been cast appears positive, and demands an investigation in the interest of a pure ballot. If the matters alleged prove true, it will change the result materially, as shown on the face of the returns from the board of canvassers.

We are opposed, as a general thing, to personal journalism, but there are times when attacks of this kind should be noticed, and in doing so brush them lightly aside as if they were gnats and mosquitoes, which are not dangerous but exceedingly troublesome. We therefore regret that the scolar proprietor of the Democrat has lost faith in the "Keeley Cure", for we have been under the impression that the muddled and unworkable manner in which his paper appears, might be credited to some disease, which that cure might reach, and at the same time mellow his voice, which all the liquoring and irrigating he has done, has failed to remedy. A course of treatment might be beneficial, and is certainly to be desired, if it did not have the effect to diminish the Contingent Fund of the county which has been at a low ebb ever since his arrival in it. But science can do little toward filling a vacuum that nature created, and he like his party was born under the planets that were in opposition and lives in the objective case; and like a — has no pride of ancestry, or any hope of posterity. Advice is poorly received and hardly ever heeded, but ours to him is: "Never pick up a horseshoe in a blacksmith shop until the blacksmith has put it in the cooling trough."

DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER.

Supplying the Army, Navy and Indian Department.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The purchasing agents of the United States Government have ordered nearly one hundred thousand pounds of Dr. Price's Baking Powder in the first five months of this year, 1892. The government exercises great care in selecting its supplies of all kinds, rejecting everything that is not the best, and the very fact that it has adopted Dr. Price's Baking Powder is proof that it has found it the best of all baking powders. Dr. Price's is particularly adapted for export, as neither long sea voyages nor climatic changes affect it, this brand keeping fresh and sweet for years while other baking powders deteriorate rapidly. It is guaranteed to the government to be a pure cream of tartar powder free from ammonia, alum, or other harmful substances, and it is also the only baking powder prepared by a physician of high standing.

A Rosebud Dinner.

The very name invokes a vision of lovely young girls, fragrant flowers, soft lights, entrancing music, and youth and hope and love and all things beautiful. Were you ever fortunate enough to be a guest at one? Or do you know how this delightful society function is conducted? You ought to know, whether you have daughters to "bring out" or not; and you may learn all about it, etiquette and everything, through the charming paper, charmingly illustrated, entitled "A Rosebud Dinner," published in DEMOCRAT'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for December. This holiday number is fairly plethoric with good things, introduced by an artistic gem, "Christmas Chimes," a reproduction of a picture exhibited in the last Paris salon, painted by a noted American artist. Then follow a dozen copies of world-famous paintings, illustrating a splendid article on "Noted Madonnas," an especially timely illustrated article, "The Wondrous Star," which furnishes much interesting information about the "three wise men" who followed where it led; and there are superb portraits of the immortal Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, and England's last poet-laureate, Tennyson. If you are in doubt what presents to make for Christmas, you can't do better than consult the "House Art" department in this comprehensive number of an ideal Family Magazine, which contains something of interest to every one who may open it—good stories, good poems, lots of valuable suggestions, and nearly 300 superior illustrations. And all is furnished for 20 cents a copy, or \$2 a year. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOCRAT, 15 East 14th St., New York.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, OF CRAWFORD COUNTY, MICH.

OCTOBER SESSION, 1892.

Supervisor Silsby gave notice that at tomorrow's session he would move to adjourn until the first Monday in January, 1893.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis the Board adjourned until three o'clock this afternoon.

AFTERNOON SESSION OCT. 21st, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair. Roll called. Entire Board present. Moved by Supervisor Ham, That the Committee on settlement with the County Treasurer, be authorized to settle with the County Treasurer, and to prepare the assistance of an expert, if necessary, and report at the adjourned session.

Carried. Moved by Supervisor Hanna, that we adjourn until nine o'clock, to-morrow morning.

Carried.

MORNING SESSION, OCT. 22d, '92.

Supervisor Sherman in the Chair. Roll called. Entire Board present. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Moved by Supervisor Lewis, That the service bills of the Supervisors, be allowed as charged, viz:

W T Lewis,	\$ 40 20
Charles Silsby,	41 00
George Easby,	41 01
John F Ham,	39 15
John Hanna,	40 22
Wilson Hickey,	51 00
Benj. F Sherman,	40 80
John J Niederer,	40 20
Perry Richardson,	40 80

On motion of Supervisor Lewis the following Report was accepted and adopted.

To the Board of Supervisors of Crawford county.

Gentlemen:—Your committee on apportionment would hereby respectfully report that they have apportioned the State and County tax of the year 1892, and recommend that the several Supervisors be authorized to assess the same on the taxable property of their respective townships, as follows:

Townships.	State Tax.	County.
So. Branch,	\$ 121 83	\$ 581 91
Bail,	90 88	434 04
Center Plains,	123 72	530 92
Beaver Creek,	120 24	574 99
Grayling,	1,100 72	5,258 96
Grove,	214 33	1,023 43
Blaine,	122 11	583 27
Maple Forest,	208 34	1,425 21
Frederic,	318 17	1,527 27

Total. \$ 2,511 88 \$ 12,000 00

JOHN J NIEDERER, Com.

JOHN F HUM, Com.

P W RICHARDSON, Com.

On motion of Supervisor Ham, the following report of the committee on County Poor, was accepted:

Grayling, Mich., Oct. 22, '92.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors now in session:

Your committee to whom was referred the matter of Julius Ruby, an inmate of the Poor House, would say, that we have had the same under consideration, and find that the Poor House is wholly under the control of the Superintendents of the Poor.

W. T. LEWIS, Com.

J. J. NIEDERER, Com.

On motion of Supervisor Lewis, the following report of the committee on salaries of county officers, was accepted and adopted.

Grayling, Mich., Oct. 22d, '92.

To the Honorable Board of Supervisors, of Crawford county:

Gentlemen—Your committee to whom was referred the matter of salaries of County Officers, for the ensuing term, would respectfully recommend that the salaries of the county officers be as following:

County Clk, \$600 per annum, County Treasurer, \$800 per annum, and Prosecuting Attorney \$500 per annum.

We further recommend that the Register of Deeds shall receive \$300 per annum, for the care and custody of the county property in the Register's office, and that the Sheriff receive \$400 per annum for care and custody of the court house and yard.

J. J. NIEDERER, Com.

J. F. HUM, Com.

J. HANNA, Com.

Moved by Supervisor Ham, that the Superintendents of the Poor be allowed the use of the Surveyor's office.

Carried.

Moved by Supervisor Niederer, That the Clerk be allowed the statutory fees for making copies of tax subpoenas for 1892.

Carried.

On motion the following resolution was laid on the table:

Resolved, That we adopt for the use of the county the Blank Forms of J. J. Niederer, for raising money by taxation, for school and township purposes, and statements and reports of the same by school district and township officers, and that John J. Niederer be instructed to print at least 100 copies and distribute the same.

On motion the Board adjourned until the first Monday in January, 1893, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

The Democrat says: "we are proud of our part in the great political battle." It is the only battle you ever did take part in, and "whooping it up" in the saloons and country school-houses, was the full extent of your fighting.



DR. L. L. CARMER.

Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

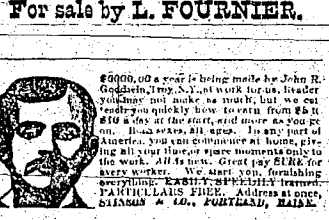
GENTLEMEN: I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unsolicited, to the world the benefit received from Dr. Miles' Reproductive Remedy. I was stricken down with Heart Disease and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 80 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, much pain in the region of the heart and below lower ribs, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throbb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicines without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedies. I was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Heart Cure and two bottles of your Nervine. My pulse is normal, I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I am a well man. I sincerely recommend every one with symptoms of Heart Disease to take Dr. Miles' Remedies. New Remedies and be cured.

L. L. CARMER.

THOUSANDS CURED.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.

For sale by L. FOURNIER.



Several good second-hand pianos on hand taken in trade, all in good playing condition 75 to 150. Terms \$25.00 down, balance terms to suit.

NEW ORGANS, six octave, solid black walnut, fine tone, durable workmanship with all late improvements, the next thing to a piano in playing capacity, \$75.50 on monthly payments, or \$25.00 down and balance to suit buyer. This is a \$125.00 organ.

We also offer a variety of very good organs for \$50.00. Terms \$15.00 down and \$10.00 every three months.

Travelling Agents will charge you from \$25.00 to \$100.00 more than we ask, they have to do it to pay expenses. You take no risk in dealing with us, we are near by and established and if anything is not perfectly satisfactory we are ready and willing to make it so, at all times.

It is for our interest to do so in order to build up trade in your locality. We send an instrument to any one who desires to buy, who mean business, with privilege of examination and trial before we ask a cent, and if not satisfactory we take it back without any trouble.

Every instrument warranted for five years. Let us know what you want and we will try and suit you. Write now.

THE KIMBALL AGENCY,

909 Washington Avenue,

One block North of Center Avenue.

BAY CITY MICHIGAN.

H. A. SAGE, Manager.

\$1. \$1. \$1. \$1.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER,

The Best and Cheapest Agricultural Paper in the World.

EIGHT PAGES AND HOUSEHOLD SUPPLEMENT

Every Week in the Year for Only \$1.

No farmer can afford to be without it. It gives each week the latest and most extended reports of the Live Stock, Grain, Poultry and other markets of any paper published in Detroit.

We will send it from now until January 1st, 1894, for \$1.

AGENTS WANTED.

Address GIBBONS BROTHERS,

40 and 42 Larned St. West, Detroit, Mich.

WHEN THE BREAD IS POOR, EAT CRACKERS, EAT CRACKERS, EAT CRACKERS ANY WAY.

US PATENTED, DETROIT, MICH.

FANCY GRAHAMS.

A Delicious Graham Wafer, Packed in a Delicious 1 lb. Package.

For Children, Invalids, Pensioners & Lunatics.

RECEPTION FLAKES.

A Fine Flake Biscuit, New Shape.

For Parties, Luncheons and the Home Table.



THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Send Ten cents to Dr. Union Co., N. Y., for our prize game, "Blind Luck," and win a New Home Sewing Machine.

The New Home Sewing Machine Co., ORANGE, MASS.

628 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., CINCINNATI, O., PITTSBURGH, PA., DETROIT, MICH., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY HANSON & BRADEN, Grayling, Mich.

AMBROSE CROSS

HAS returned to Grayling to stay and opened a

BLACKSMITH SHOP

next to the Bridge, on Cedar Street, where he is prepared to do any kind of work in his line, in a thorough and satisfactory manner.

Horse-shoeing and Repairing promptly attended to. Prices reasonable.

A. CROSS.

May 21-91, 44.

\$3000 A YEAR!

I undertake to help any person who is struggling with poverty, and who is willing to work, to earn \$3000 a year. I will give you the full particulars of my plan, and will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business.

Yearly income of \$3000, with a chance to earn \$5000 more. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business.

No matter how small your capital, I will help you to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business.

Write to me at once, and I will send you the full particulars of my plan, and will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business. I will also furnish you with the necessary capital to start your business.

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The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

THE NEW BUILDING THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.

New Approaching Completion—How Books Will Be Handled by Machinery—Room for 5,000,000 Volumes—Great Libraries of Ancient and Modern Times.

Uncle Sam's New Library.

An underground cable road will connect the new Library of Congress with the Capitol. It will be a Lilliputian scale, and the little cars run upon it will carry only books as passengers. So rapid and effective will this method of communication be that Congressmen will be able to procure at the briefest notice volumes that are needed off-hand for reference or for use in debate. From a station situated midway between the House and Senate order will be telegraphed or otherwise swiftly sent, and the books on arrival distributed by messengers. This will be a very different affair from the famous "hole in the ground" which was made seventeen

parlor billiard tables, or what not—and they are duly stored. Uncle Sam has enough of such articles in the Capitol to present to stock several toy shops for next Christmas.

Not a little of the printed matter submitted for copyrighting is immoral and so unfit for publication as to render it liable to seizure under the laws. But, oddly enough, the Librarian of Congress has no discretion in this regard, and he is compelled to grant the copyright in every instance, so long as the material is original. A common fraud attempted is the request for a copyright on an old book published under a new title. In order to guard against this the assistants in charge of the copyright business must be familiar with everything that has been issued from the press. Obviously this is not wholly possible, but it is wonderful how near they come to it, so that it is very rare for such a cheat to pass undetected. People offer many things for copyrighting which do not come legally within the scope of that institution. Recently dozens of applications have been made for copyrights on campaign badges. The most interesting was a miniature diaphragm with a gold safety-pin stuck through it, inscribed with the words, "Vote for My Papa—Baby Ruth." The applicant was referred to the Patent Office.

Library Skeletons.
Every great library has its skeleton—that is to say, a collection of books unfit for general perusal, which are hidden

the window-caps on the west front looking toward the Capitol, but these literary skeletons have not yet been located. The keyholes of the window arches on the four faces of the structure bear sculptured heads representing the thirty-three types of races of mankind recognized by ethnologists. They were made from models and plates at the National Museum, under the direction of Prof. Otis T. Mason.

Foreign Libraries.

The British Museum, though architecturally only an uncouth assemblage of buildings, has the finest library in the world. With one exception it is the largest. In cosmopolitan interest it is without a rival, possessing the best Hungarian collection out of the country, the best Dutch library out of Holland, and, in short, the best library in any European language outside of the territory in which the language is vernacular. The Chinese books number 27,000. The biggest library in existence is the Bibliotheque Nationale at Paris, which has 1,900,000 bound volumes. The oldest of great modern libraries, it has had the aid of several kings and other powerful personages since its formation. The beginning of it was the collection of King John, the Black Prince's captive, who bequeathed it to his successor, Charles V. There is no general catalogue for the use of readers.

The Vatican Library at Rome was founded in the fifteenth century by Pope Nicholas V. However, it was based on collections far more ancient, and there is evidence that a pontifical library existed from the fifth century. The present building was erected by Sixtus V. in 1588. It contains 220,000 printed volumes and 22,000 manuscripts. It is open to the public only between November and June, and is always closed on Sundays and feast days. There is no proper catalogue, and the librarians rely on imperfect written lists. The third largest library in the world is the Imperial Public Library at St. Petersburg, which claims 1,000,000 volumes.

The most ancient libraries known of were those of Assyria. Only forty years ago discovery was made of the royal library at Nineveh. Digging brought to light the chambers that contained the floors of which were covered a foot deep with clay tablets bearing cuneiform characters, many of which were so small as to require a magnifying glass for reading them. These were the books of that strange and warlike people of antiquity, and they were arranged and catalogued in a systematic way. The library belonged to the luxurious monarch Sardanapalus, who was a great patron of literature. It included 10,000 distinct works, some extending over many tablets, and arranged and catalogued in a systematic way. The library belonged to the luxurious monarch Sardanapalus, who was a great patron of literature. It included 10,000 distinct works, some extending over many tablets, and arranged and catalogued in a systematic way.

But where's the quarter?
"Did you ever try stamping a coin with your name and sending it out on its journey?" said Bourke Lenord, of Montreal. "Four years ago I did that. I stamped a quarter while in New York City, and passed it the same day for a basket of grapes. Three days later I left the city. I went direct to Mount Clemens, Mich., from New York, and put up at the Avery House. I hadn't been there two days before a friend of mine, and a commercial tourist, came to the same house and took rooms. I was sitting out on the piazza listening to the music that they have every evening, when he came up and said:

"I've got something here that belongs to you, Leonard."

"What's that?" I asked.

"When did you stamp this quarter?"

"Not over four days ago," I said, rising up in surprise. "I told it to me, and sure enough, there was my coin. He had been in New York at the same time, and had received it in change from a saloon on the Bowery. Well, that was a year later while I was stopping at the Alexander House. A drummer friend of mine had picked it up in Kansas City, and had held it for me. I turned that quarter loose again upon the market, and within six months I had it again, brought, of course, to me by a friend of mine who had taken it in change from some hotel clerk down in Indiana. Well, I took it up and passed it again. From that time on until now I have never lost it, but there is no telling. I expect to run across it shortly. A friend of mine stamped his name on one six years ago and sent it out, but it failed to return. Must have been taken up by a bank and sent to the Treasury. I don't think it would go that long without coming back. It's interesting if nothing else. You want to try it?"

He Could Not Take It.

The bicycle champion lay dying. The grand physique seemed no abler to cope with the chill grasp of the dark angel than the fragile frame of an infant. His great muscles were wasted with fever. He was conquered at last. The victor in hundreds of contests was bowing his head. Beside the bed sat a minister of the gospel, come to cheer the last moments of the expiring athlete, to lighten the pain of the body with balm for the departing spirit. He held the big, bony hand as he would that of a child, and stroked with delicate touch the hot brow.

"Thou art going to a realm of ineffable bliss," whispered the clergyman.

Only a gentle pressure of the fingers told that the words of comfort had entered the soul about to take its flight.

"To a beautiful city."

The preacher was eloquently impressive.

"Whose walls are of pearl and whose streets"

The champion moved uneasily and opened his eyes.

"Are paved with pure gold."

The man was sitting bolt upright, glaring wildly.

"Gold payments?"

His hands clutched the air.

"And I can't take my pneumatic."

Long after death a pained expression lingered on his countenance.

The newly discovered moon of Jupiter is said to be only a hundred miles in diameter. It is uncertain whether Jupiter himself discovered it until he read about it in the American papers.

LITTLE WATERED STOCK THERE

One of the Numerous Good Points About Railroads in England.

The English railroads were far more expensive to build than ours. They had to pay for the land—and the land is valuable in England; and the cost of depots, etc., was much higher than here, where all the land is given free and often a bonus in the way of city and county bonds for the location of machine shops, etc. When it is considered that the English roads cost so much more and got none of this assistance, one would think that it was far more difficult to pay dividends on the stock there than here, but the New Orleans Times-Democrat says this does not seem to be the case. A parliamentary inquiry conducted by the British Labor Commission into the English railroads, and more particularly into the wages paid employees, shows a condition of affairs highly creditable to them. The amount of money invested in railroads is \$4,485,000,000, and authorized capital \$5,000,000,000. It is here that the defects in our railroad system become apparent. The laws governing the British railroads keep their capital down very close to the actual cost; whereas, here the stock is watered time and time again, until often the capital of the company represents barely 10 per cent. of the money expended. "Water" is the reason why so many American railroads default in the payment of their dividends. The gross receipts per annum of the English roads are \$20,000,000; but the working expenses reduce this by more than one-half, and the net earnings amount to \$43,000,000 annually. The English roads, therefore, pay average dividends of 6 per cent. (3.5 per cent. to exact), which is far above what our roads do.

Another point inquired into by the commission—and it was the matter most investigated by the roads—was regard to wages. The evidence submitted showed that the number of men employed by the English companies is in the neighborhood of 350,000. This is a much larger number in proportion to mileage than are employed in this country, and proves that the British roads are better equipped—one of the reasons why there are fewer accidents there than here. It was also shown that the men had increased more rapidly in the last eight years than the gross receipts, the improvement in wages being only 12 per cent., and that there had been at the same time a material reduction in the hours of labor.

We boast a great deal about our railroads, and we undoubtedly lead the world in mileage; but it would be well to remember some of the facts brought out by this British commission: That we have too many accidents and kill too many people; that we do not pay as good dividends as the English lines, which cost a great deal more; and that American employees do not share in the increased prosperity of the roads as fully as they do in England.

For Peace or War.

The growth of international arbitration has not been as rapid as the friends of peace were at one time led to hope. In spite of arguments and practical examples the United States and Great Britain are almost alone in their adherence to the principle. The other nations still hold to the stern and tested policy of getting what they can by individual bargaining, and fighting when they cannot agree.

The advantages of arbitration are easy to be understood. To say nothing of avoiding the slaughter of good, productive citizens, the financial advantages are almost wholly on the side of peace. Napoleon was a master hand at robbery and believed fully in the maxim of living off the enemy, yet in spite of all the money raised by taxation in France and the debt had increased from 714,000,000 francs to 1,272,000,000 francs at the end of the fifteen years of Napoleon's government. This was, to be sure, a small increase, considering the fighting that was done, but when even the ruthless policy of Napoleon could not make war at the expense of the conquered no other may hope to be successful. Germany came nearest to it by collecting 5,060,000,000 francs of France and taking Alsace and Lorraine as the prize of the war of 1870, but the cost of the war in money and the still greater expense it has entailed in the enormous military establishment necessary to hold the provinces have made it a dear bargain.

The expenses of a war are great. In most cases the return is nothing. The combatants become exhausted, and after spending their blood and money come to a more or less friendly agreement and settle their differences on terms that might have been had without fighting.

When the United States and Great Britain came near going to war over the Alabama claims the whole amount in dispute was \$100,000,000. If they had fought the whole amount in dispute would have been spent in military preparations before a single franc was paid, and both sides would have spent ten times that amount a year till the war closed. Arbitration in that case saved hundreds of millions of dollars and thousands of lives to each side, and the result was honorable if not satisfactory to both sides. It is true that England felt sore that the award went against her—not for the \$15,500,000, for she would have willingly spent a hundred times that amount in defending her dignity, but for the fact that she was declared to be in the wrong. But whatever disappointment was felt, both countries have found the proceedings so sensible that they are settling the Behring Sea dispute in the same manner. However, show no intention of laying aside the sword for the legal argument. It may do well enough for kindred countries or to cases where the disparity of power is so great as to make war ridiculous. But between blood enemies it finds no favor. Germany faces her armies toward the French and Russian frontiers; Austria-Hungary watches for the Cossack camp fires; France snarls at England's stay in Egypt, and all the powers are ready to fly at one another's throats as soon as some

accident shall start a fight in any quarter. There is no thought of arbitration, and apparently nothing to arbitrate.

Possibly after the next great conflict the other powers will see the advantages of settling their differences peaceably, but it does not look as though they would come to that mind until they have experienced again the full disadvantages of war.

French Peasants.

M. Betham Edwards, in her "France of To-day," speaks again and again of the benefits accruing from the ownership of land by the peasantry. As a native of England, she seems to have been peculiarly impressed by this feature of life across the Channel. She writes with special enthusiasm of Osse, a remote Pyrenean village admirably adapted for the study of rural life. "A beautiful spirit of humanity," she declares, "a delicacy, rare among the most polished societies, characterize these frugal sons and daughters of the soil."

As sordidness carried to the pitch of brutality is often imputed to the French peasant, let me relate an incident that occurred hereabouts not long before my visit.

The land is minutely divided, many possessing a cottage and field only. One of these small owners was suddenly ruined by the falling of a rock; his cottage, cow and pig were destroyed. Without saying a word, his neighbors, like himself in very humble circumstances, made up a purse of five hundred francs, a large sum with such donors, and, too delicately minded to offer the gift themselves, deputed an outsider to do it anonymously.

Another instance in point came to my knowledge. This was of a young woman servant, who, during the illness of her employers, refused to accept wages.

"You will pay me some other time," said the girl to her mistress. "I am sure you can ill afford to give me the money now."

Peasant property, and rural life generally, here presented to me some wholly new features. One of these is the almost entire self-sufficiency of very small holdings, their owners neither buying nor selling, making their little crops and stock almost completely supply their needs.

On a field or two enough flax is grown with which to spin linen for home use, enough wheat and Indian corn for the year's bread-making, maize being mixed with wheat for flour. Again, pigs and poultry are reared for daily consumption.

Expenditure is reduced to the minimum. Coffee is a luxury seldom indulged in. A few drink home-grown wine, but all are large milk drinkers. The poorest is a good customer of the dairy farmer.

A Sad Want of Originality.

The Crown Prince of Denmark furnishes a curious example of the nomenclature practiced by royal families. The rule in Turkey was that Amurath should succeed Amurath, and in England that George should follow George. In Denmark, however, the rule has long been that Frederick should succeed Christian and Christian Frederick.

This is confusing enough to write intelligibly, but it is still worse in practice. Nearly every Danish king is named Christian or Frederick, and so the difficulty of distinguishing between them is great.

The present king is Christian the Ninth. He was the son of Frederick the Seventh. He will be succeeded by Frederick the Eighth, who in turn will be followed by Christian the Tenth. The mere fact that the present Crown Prince is known as Frederick, and that if he died before his father he would be succeeded in his rights by his son, Prince Christian, is nothing at all.

All the sons of the royal house of Denmark are Christian and Frederick, and therefore, from the point of view of mere nomenclature, it does not matter which of them succeeds to the crown. The next two lots in crowned heads in Copenhagen would be labeled Frederick the Eighth and Christian the Tenth, under any circumstances.

In many princely German families every male who is born is christened by the hereditary name. The result of this peculiar custom may be illustrated by the fact that in the reigning house of Reuss the Henrys run up to Henry the Sixty-ninth.

Rich Without Money.

Many a man is rich without money. Many a man is poor with money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good, sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart and good limbs, and a pretty good head-piece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles are better than silver, and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function are better than houses and lands. It is better than a landed estate to have a right kind of father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check the evil tendencies or to develop good ones, but it is a good thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man who is rich in a good disposition, who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, helpful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition. The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow, a despondent and complaining fellow, a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

There is a pretty general consensus of opinion that Lady Cavendish has been making a mountain out of a molehill in her pictures of English fashionable life. When a woman starts in to find fault as a public vicereine she may generally be expected that unless she has a hard-headed, practical editor to blue pencil her gush she will be apt to flop over.

EMMET DALTON may be getting better, but it is hardly probable he will fully recover his health in Coffeyville.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Stewart Knill Has Been Formally Received in the House of Lords.

In accordance with custom Baron Hershell, the Lord Chancellor, received Stewart Knill, the Lord Mayor-elect, in the House of Lords. The Lord Mayor was accompanied by other city officials. The Lord Chancellor commented on the opposition made to the Lord Mayor's election on account of his creed and said that the time was past when a Catholic was debarred from holding office.

The new Lord Mayor-elect of London belongs to a branch of the old Catholic family of the Knills, for centuries rooted in Herefordshire. His father was the architect of his own fortunes, and in time became a wealthy wharfinger. His distinguished son was born in 1820, was educated at Blackheath school and the University of Bonn. He joined his father in his business of wharfing, which is now his own, but in the description of his style he is named as "citizen and goldsmith." He is in the commission of peace for the city of London, and is a magistrate of Kent. He is a staunch conservative.

His election created a no-popery storm, in consequence of his refusal to promise that he will be present at the services at city churches and at St. Paul's Cathedral, which it is customary for the Lord Mayor to attend. It has been felt in unprejudiced circles that the newly elect has behaved in a straightforward and manly manner, and that, while preserving

to himself his freedom of action in the matter of religious observance he will also observe the traditional liberties of the great city over which he will hold civic sway.

A Potato.

"I'll tell you a queer experiment a neighbor of mine made with a pea and a potato," said James A. Hegler, of Sunny South, Ala.

"Simpson isn't a farmer, nor a horticulturist, nor yet a grafter. He works in a small foundry in our town and is a core-maker by trade. That fellow is always scheming around with one thing and another, trying to invent something. I was looking over his garden fence one day last spring, while Simpson was planting potatoes, and he came up to where I was standing, holding a potato in his hand.

"See this potato?" he said.

"I said 'Yes.'"

"Well, said he, 'I'm going to get a pea and force it into the heart of this potato. Then we will watch it and see how it comes up.'"

"He took a pea out of his pocket, pushed a hole into the potato with his lead pencil and then pushed the pea into the center. Then he took the potato to the center of the garden and planted it. For months I visited that garden, daily and watched the growth of that 'pea-tato.' It came up a most remarkable plant. I can hardly describe it to you. It was a commingling of the two, with the potato dominating the pea. The potato plant looked like a sweet-potato vine and ran along the ground, throwing out shoots that took root. The flower of the plant was not the ordinary cream yellow one of the potato. It was a mixture of the same shape as the daisy, with white, yellow, and pink petals of a very pale hue. The fruit of the plant was much like the ordinary potato, only it was much smaller, with a skin of a cream color. It did not taste much different from the ordinary potato, although there was just a hint of pea soup about it. The plant flourished well enough and did not require much care. Simpson says that next year he will plant several rows in that manner, as he seems to prefer the new kind to the old. I rather think that the new plant is a good one, although some other vegetable might do better."

Curiosity of Insects.

The owner of a large poultry farm in Western New York lost several dozen hens in the course of a single week, under circumstances indicating the presence of rats, but was unable to catch more than two or three specimens of the wily rodents. The depredations continued, and at last he procured a ferret, and was warned to watch it well, as an uncaged pet of that sort would clean out his entire establishment in a couple of nights. Not wishing to run that risk, he did not slip the ferret at all, but kept it in a wire box, which he placed in a corner of the brood-house. The mere scent of their dreadful foe sufficed to drive away every rat of the neighborhood. The ferret panic seemed to spread to adjoining buildings, and the rodents emigrated en masse. Yet not one of the fugitives could possibly have known the significance of the impending danger from personal experience; their alarm must have been the result of an instinct derived entirely from hereditary transmission.

Paper Teeth.

Among the many remarkable inventions at the late paper exhibit at Berlin was a set of paper teeth, which were made in 1875 by a Lubeck dentist. They have been in use for 14 years and are in first class condition.

Diamonds from Meteors.

A German scientist claims that all diamonds come from meteors.

Soldiers in Europe.

More than 15,000,000 men stand ready for war in Europe.

Lumber Drying.

One of the latest applications of the heating properties of electricity is to the drying of lumber for planing purposes. At a large mill in Ottawa, Canada, this method has been tested with such gratifying results that a number of electric drying kilns are now being erected.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently said—Sayings and Doings that are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Sprinkles of Spice.

It does not follow that a man with a husky voice is a corn doctor.—Utica Observer.

It is easy to understand why another man should not mind abuse.—Atholton Globe.

PANEXT.—What branch will make a boy the smartest? Pedagogy.—Hickory.—Truth.

Keep a close eye on the man whose wife is afraid to ask him for money.—Sam's Horn.

It is an odd fact that the duty of most missionaries is to go to the bad.—Philadelphia Record.

When the judge pronounces sentence the criminal is apt not to think much of his pronunciation.—Binghamton Leader.

All sorts of vexations attend the parlor matrimonial match. Even the lump is frequently put out over it.—Binghamton Leader.

The "big guns" at the banquet are those who are fired with eloquence so as to produce reports in the newspapers.—Washington Star.

"The trouble with Stunner is he runs his nose too far," Jasper. I suppose that is why they always seem so worn out.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

This next thing a long-suffering public learns will be the fact that gas companies are putting pneumatic tires on their gas meters.—Ohio State Journal.

"Did you ever see Charley Timmin's four-in-hand?" she asked. "Yes," he answered, sadly. "I saw them last night. They were all aced."—Washington Star.

"This is the most dangerous counterfeiter I ever came across," remarked the actor, as he felt the lat-and-canvass bridge giving way under his feet.—Indianapolis Journal.

Visitors—"Your son is in a drug store, I believe?" Old Lady—"Yes, studying fiddleology." Visitor—"I beg pardon?" Old Lady—"He runs the soda fountain."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE—"Must you go soon, darling? It is only 10 o'clock, and father won't object if you stay until 12." He—"True, my own. But that only gives me two hours in which to say good-night."—Life.

"I suppose you visited some of the most famous galleries when you were abroad?" Mrs. Quickrich—"Yes, and here is some tin-types me 'Em Ezra had took at one of 'em."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHALLOW—"Why, just read that sign—'Dental Parlors.' Isn't it absurd to call a dental room a parlor?" Deeper—"It is probably the painter's mistake. He meant drawing-room."—Boston Courier.

"Docron," asked the seeker after knowledge of the clergyman, "why do people get on their knees to pray, instead of standing?" "They want to save their soles," responded the clever minister.—Brooklyn Life.

"I FELT into the pond to-day, and it was up to my neck," said Walter. "Nonsense," said Jack, "the water in the pond isn't more than a foot deep." Oh, but I went in head first," said Walter.—Harper's Young People.

"WHAT'S the charge in this case?" asked the judge. "That's what I'm waitin' to find out, yer honor," replied the prisoner. "I had the misfortune of hittin' him, and I'm willin' to pay any price that's in reason."—Washington Star.

THINKS to please Wife (in railway train)—It's mortifying to have you act so. Why don't you get up and help that young lady raise that window? Dutiful Husband—She's so pretty I was afraid you'd be mad.—New York Weekly.

MR. TWINKS (holding wishbone)—What fer wishin' fo', Carlin? Miss Clumpah—"Taint right fer ter tell, but I wants a sealskin sack powful bad. Whad's yo' wishin' fo'? Mr. Twinks—"I se jes wishin' d' bone'll break on yo' side ob d' handles."—Judge.

TEACHER (who has been explaining the word epidemic)—Now, who can give me the name of an epidemic here in America? Remember, it is something that spreads. Tommy (wildly waving his hand)—I know; it's strawberry jam.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Had a Limit.

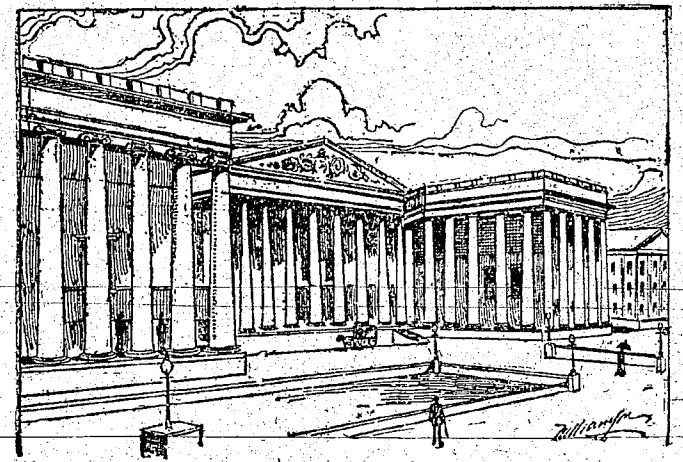
The duke was visiting the penitentiary, accompanied by an official and a newspaper man, and the party were talking to one of the prisoners.

"Have a cigarette?" said the duke as they were about to depart, offering him a package.

"Much obliged," responded the prisoner shaking his head. "I've stole hoeses, and robbed chicken roosts, and broke into houses, and killed a man or two, and had four or five wives, and made counterfeited money, but I never smoked cigarettes, and, heaven helpin' me, I never will. So long," and the cell door went to with a bang as pronounced as the one the duke wore in his hair.

Business Look.

An ingenious look has been devised for use in business houses and offices where absolute privacy is desired. By simply turning an electric switch, placed close at hand, the occupant of the room may instantly admit a person, as quickly lock the door on his egress, without leaving his chair.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

years ago to connect the Capitol with the Government Printing Office by a gigantic pneumatic tube, big enough for a man to be whisked through. It was intended for conveying public documents, but the \$15,000 spent on it was wasted, inasmuch as it never worked, and it is now used merely as a conduit for telephone wires.

There is no library building in the world that at all compares with the one now being erected by Uncle Sam. Novel mechanical devices will constitute one of its most interesting features. Improvements of the kind have never been thought of abroad, where the great book collections are usually so managed that their treasures are to a great extent unavailable. In the Library of Congress the volumes will be handled almost entirely by machinery. Orders will be sent to the bookstacks and books brought from them to the desk for distribution by trays suspended from endless chains, the latter being made to travel by means of an engine in the basement. The mechanism will be noiseless and invisible also, the carriers going beneath the floor of the great central reading-room to and fro between the Librarian's desk and the bookstacks. Every arriving tray will dump itself automatically at the desk. Likewise, in taking volumes back, each tray will spit its contents of its own accord at a certain time. For example, if a book belongs on tier 7, the desk attendant waits until the carrier marked 7 comes along and puts the volume on it as it passes. When it gets to tier 7, the carrier going beneath the floor of the great central reading-room to and fro between the Librarian's desk and the bookstacks. Every arriving tray will dump itself automatically at the desk. Likewise, in taking volumes back, each tray will spit its contents of its own accord at a certain time. For example, if a book belongs on tier 7, the desk attendant waits until the carrier marked 7 comes along and puts the volume on it as it passes. When it gets to tier 7, the carrier going beneath the floor of the great central reading-room to and fro between the Librarian's desk and the bookstacks. Every arriving tray will dump itself automatically at the desk. 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